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The Sugar Maples.

Along the vale and o'er the hill
I see a blue and smoky haze;
The afternoons are warm and still,
And presage longer, warmer days.
The blue jay on the sumach bough
Is screaming with discordant note;
The phœbe bird arouses now
The longing heart with trembling throat.

The hills are peeping through the snow,
And buried fences greet the view;
On bare, brown knolls squaw berries glow,
Or tiny snow flowers flaunt in blue.
The fresh, new earth now scents the gale,
As, rising from her sepulcher,
She casts aside her snowy veil
And greets her train, who wait for her.

Now stands the drowsy team asleep
Before the bucket-laden sleigh,
While sinks the cruel steel full deep
To draw the crysial sap away;
The steady drip from wooden lip
Makes music in the soft spring air,
And soon the laden buckets tip
And waste the nectar rich and rare.

Anon the pungent smoke-wreaths rise
Around the kettle's tossing surge;
Hale youths attend the sacrifice
And high the flames with faggots urge.
Oh! transmutation wondrous sweet!
That steals the blood of bare, brown trees
And in the crackling flames and heat
Has power those golden grains to seize!

Oh, vanished youth! Oh, balmy days!
The odors rise of early flowers,
I see again through smoky haze
The picture of those fleeing hours;
I hear again the wild halloa
Of boys long silent in the tomb;
The fitful camp-fire brings to view
Glad faces from the outer gloom.

They tell of an eternal spring
Forever bright with springing flowers,
Where morning is an endless ring,
Existence knows not passing hours.
It may be that the flames of strife
Have stored for us some sweets away;
Or frozen drifts of earthly life
May yield for us a brighter day.

A BOLD BACKWOODS BOY.

Jad was eleven years old and little Chlo, his sister, was two years younger. But this was a great many years ago when their father, Mr. Dunlap, had just moved into a township in the western part of Maine, which was then a wild, uninhabited region, save where here and there an adventurous settler had planted his little log hut in the heart of the wilderness, and laid bare a few acres of the forest as a nucleus of the future home of himself and thriving family—almost always a small colony in itself.

Ah, who can tell what homesick moments and longings for the old associations our pioneer fathers and mothers endured, coming, as did many of them, from wealthy States and pleasant surroundings. There must have been a mighty attraction in the wild, free life of the backwoodsman and a genuine love of the simple and homely joys of the rough hearthstone, to have held them in these rude homes, almost isolated, as they were, from the world. But they lived in anticipation, looking eagerly forward to a future of plenty, when the wilderness should become cultivated and fruitful through their first persistent and hardy efforts.

With an energy characteristic of the first settlers, Mr. Dunlap pushed his way on through toil, hardships and many privations, at first felling and clearing a patch large enough to put up a log cabin for his family, then by degrees cutting farther and farther into the primitive forest, till now quite a large track lay open to the sun, a part of which was under tolerable cultivation, the rest laying black and still smoking from recent burnings.

As before stated, Jad was now eleven. He was a dark-faced, sinewy lad, tough as a thong, inheriting much of his father's pluck and endurance. Whatever he undertook to do he was pretty sure to carry through.

In these unsettled regions wild animals were numerous, especially the wildcat, lynx and glutton, or wolverine. These creatures often came into the clearings, and their frequent depredations became a great pest to the settlers.

There was also an abundance of smaller game to be had for the trapping, and this fall Jad was anticipating no end of enjoyment in the warm Indian summer days, trapping for "musquash" (muskrat) and mink along Renny Brook, which ran past the clearing half a mile away in the woods. His father had helped him make his traps, and on his very first visit he was greatly elated by finding a sleek and glossy mink in one of them. This piece of good luck had set Jad half wild, for mink skins brought a high price at the "big settlement," twenty-five miles down the country, where his father always went to do his trading.

Jad watched his traps eagerly, as a miser watches his money bags. But with all his vigilance, what was his dismay to find, one morning, in the trap farthest up stream, that a mink had been caught and taken out by some wild beast and devoured. The tail and little featherly clumps of fur lay scattered about the trap. Dire vengeance against the wild marauder possessed his heart.

Little Chlo was a keen sympathizer in his troubles. She was also his companion in this trapping expedition, in which it was her duty to carry the bait—sometimes a squirrel, oftener a trout caught from the brook.

"What d'you s'pose got him?" asked Chlo, as Jad stood looking ruefully at the tail, which he held between his thumb and finger.

"I don't know, unless 'twas a glutton or a wildcat. Pa says they are always nosin' round to get the bait out of traps and what's caught in 'em. Confound him! Seven dollars gone down his throat!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"It is too bad," cried little Chlo. "Can't you catch him?"

Jad thought a moment. His father had a steel fox trap. He would set that and have the thief. Leaving Chlo, he hastened to the house, got the trap and raced back to the brook. It was set at last to his satisfaction and baited with a squirrel, which he had brought along to bait his mink traps with. He drove a stake down through a ring in the trap chain, so as to hold whatever was caught.

Two days passed, and not a mink had been near, but the bait was gone out of the steel trap and also from two of the mink traps. With his usual perseverance Jad rebaited them and waited. The bait was again eaten out of the most of his mink traps, and what was more exasperating another mink had been caught and eaten.

Jad's patience now nearly gave way, and he was tempted to tear his traps up. But on second thought he resolved to try once more. He would bait only the fox trap.

Jad did not visit the next morning, as usual, for he was obliged to finish harvesting the potatoes. But after dinner, his father having gone to assist at putting up a log cabin for a newly-arrived settler, some two miles distant, Jad and Chlo set off for the brook, hatchet and fishpole in hand.

As the neared the place where the fox trap was set they heard the chain clinking.

"I bet my head we've got him!" Jad cried, excitedly, dashing through a clump of cedars.

And sure enough, there he was! A big, round-headed wildcat!

At Jad's sudden appearance the creature bounded and leaped frantically to free himself, but the stake was a strong one.

After cutting a stout green club three or four feet in length, Jad stuck the hatchet beneath the strap which he wore for a belt, and going as near as he dared struck at the creature with all his might. He missed, however, and the cat darted round to the other side of the stake, bring up with a sudden jerk, where it crouched, growling low and watching the boy with fiery eyes and ears laid back.

"Oh, don't go so near him, Jad!" cautioned little Chlo, retreating across the brook. "He'll fly at ye 'fore ye know it!"

"Let 'em fly!" cried the now excited boy. "He's going to get his head cracked 'fore I'm done with 'im! Take that, ye sneakin' thief!" he added, venturing up and bringing down the club with a quick blow, just grazing the animal as he jumped to the other side.

Then round and round the stake they flew, Jad thumping the ground, trap, anything but the cat, which adroitly kept out of his reach, all the time furiously snarling and spitting. It was hard telling which was pursuer as they gyrated about the stake amid a perfect whirlwind of dead leaves.

But in an unlucky moment Jad's chain got under the trap chain, and, bringing it up suddenly, he threw the ring over the top of the stake. With a bound the creature was off, the chain rattling after him catching under roots and stones.

There was not a second to lose, and the boy gave hot chase. They ran on for fifty rods or more: then seeing Jad so close upon him, the cat scratched up the trunk of a hemlock, trap and all, and from the branches glared at the panting and excited boy.

Jad's courage was now up to the highest pitch, and throwing down his club he began to climb the rough trunk.

"Don't go up there, Jad, for pity sake, don't!" implored little Chlo, now coming up all out of breath.

"Yes, an' let him go off with pa's trap on his foot, wouldn't ye? Just like a girl—'fraid of her own shadder!" cried Jad, scornfully. "I tell yer, he's got to pay for them mink with his skin—see if he don't!" and he climbed on laboriously, giving vent to his indignation in threats which he meant to put into execution.

Reaching the lower limbs, Jad grasped the hatchet firmly, ready for an assault. As he came within a yard of the cat it kept clawing and making attempts to leap down upon the boy's head, all the time growling fiercely. Throwing the hatchet back over his shoulder as far as he could reach, Jad struck at the big head in the crotch, of the tree just above him. But the creature dodged the blow. He again struck and missed; but the next time he was fortunate enough to hit the cat on the head, fairly knocking it off the limb to the ground, where for a moment it lay stunned and motionless.

Jad slipped quickly down the trunk, thinking the victory now won. But the animal, recovering itself, set upon the boy with true feline grit, and the next moment they were engaged in a lively tussle, while little Chlo ran back and forth shouting for help at the top of her voice.

The woods resounded with the confused medley. Jad now found that he must fight for his life, and with another desperate blow he again stunned the creature, and, before he could recover, the resolute boy despatched him.

Dropping the hatchet, Jad threw himself on the ground, panting and exhausted. Poor little Chlo now came timidly forward, trembling and casting frightened glances at the animal, as if she half expected it would even now leap upon her.

'O Jad!' cried the little girl, seeing the boy's tattered frock, "you must be awful hurt! And, oh, see your arm!"

"No, I ain't hurt, neither," declared Jad, stoutly, sitting up, "not much, anyway. That's only a little stratch!" regarding his arm ruefully.

It was a pretty big one, however. Binding some birch withers firmly about the creature's hind legs, Jad, with little Chlo's assistance, dragged him to the house.

"My patience alive!" cried the mother, running to the door, as she caught sight of the children. "Jad Dunlap! you venturesome boy! where did you get that wild cat?"

"He got into our trap, an' then run off up a tree with it, and Jad clim' up after 'im," little Chlo hastened to explain. "I told him not to," she added, seeing the gathering reproof in her mother's eyes.

"And you got well scratched," said Mrs. Dunlap, turning Jad about and eyeing his frock and bleeding arm. "I guess 'twill learn you to let wildcats alone!"

"He won't eat any more of my mink, anyway," muttered Jad.

He did not get much sympathy from his father, either, who chided him severely for his want of prudence, and bade him be more cautious in the future, about attacking such animals.

It took a long time to heal up Jad's lacerated arms and shoulders, and it was a number of days before he got over the soreness and lameness enough to visit his traps. However, Jad was not troubled again that fall, while two more mink were added to his little pile of furs which he sent on his father's load down to the "settlement" not long after.

At Bethlehem.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler writes of a visit to Bethlehem in the New York *Evangelist* as follows: We set our faces for the pools of Solomon, halting a few moments at the tomb of Rachel by the roadside. The small structure was crowded with Jews, some of whom were phylacteries, and all were wailing, as they wail beside the remnant of the temple walls. One old woman was weeping and pressing her withered cheek against the tomb with as much distress as if the fair young wife who breathed out her life there forty centuries ago had been her own daughter. We found the enormous pools of Solomon (the longest of which measures 580 feet in length) were about half filled with pure water. We rode beside the aqueduct that leads from them all the way to Bethlehem. Down among the bleak and barren hills we saw the deep, fertile vale of Urtas, filled with gardens and fruit trees. It is cultivated by the European colony planted by Mr. Meshullam. For a half hour we feasted our eyes with the view of beautiful Bethlehem perched on its lofty hill and surrounded by olive orchards. So many new edifices have been erected for convents and other religious purposes that Bethlehem has almost a modern look. As we rode through its narrow streets we saw no Ruths, but an ancient Jew in turban, long robe and flowing beard, quite answered to my idea of Boaz. We rode to the convent adjoining the Church of the Nativity, where a rather jolly-looking monk furnished us an excellent lunch. He then took us into the venerable church that covers the subterranean chamber in which tradition has always held that our blessed Lord was born. The chamber is probably a remnant of an ancient khan once belonging to the family of Jesse and King David. I expected to be shocked by a sham mockery when I entered the church, but a feeling of genuine faith in the locality came over me as I descended into the rocky chamber and read, around the silver star, the famous inscription in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The three-fold argument for the authenticity of this site is drawn from unbroken tradition, from the fact that Bethlehem has never been overthrown in sieges, and from the other fact that the learned St. Jerome (in the fourth century) was so sure of the site that he came and spent his long, laborious life in the cavern close by the birth spot of our Lord. I entered with deep interest the cave in which this devout scholar meditated and prayed and wrought the Vulgate translation of God's word. My visit to the Church of the Nativity was ten-fold more satisfactory than that to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in this city.

WARTS.

The Way in Which They are Removed With Neatness and Dispatch—A Peculiar Branch of the Science of Surgery.

A very handsome young lady entered the æsthetic office of a professor on Woodward avenue the other day, and asked the doctor, with an air of great mystery, if he ever cured warts.

"Warts," said the man of moles, "I should think I had—bushels of them."

"And, do they leave any scar?"

"Not a scar" said the doctor; "why that is the secret of my success; anybody can take off a wart and leave a scar, but I eradicate the whole business and leave the skin absolutely without a mark."

"What is your fee, doctor?" continued the fair patient, who was as nervous as if she had ventured into a den of lions.

"Anywhere from $1 to $25 according to the size of the wart, the number of visits and the difficulty of operation; if you will take a seat in the other room I will examine your case."

The "other room" was a small office neatly fitted up with a shelf full of small, fine instruments much resembling the tools in a dentist's office.

A bargain was made as the little doctor went to work with hands as soft and supple as a woman's, to eradicate that wart. The young lady pushed masses of blonde hair from her white brow, and lifted her pretty eyes to the doctor's face.

"It is in the corner of that eye." It was plain to all observers that it was; the defect was bigger than the eye itself. The wart was immense, omnipresent and overshadowing. The little doctor picked out a minute instrument and took the dimensions of the wart, then he put on a tiny pair of forceps, and in a second the wart rolled off like a traitor's head. Blood followed, which was soon stanched; but the root was yet to be killed. A small cold steel, wrapped about with cotton wool, was dipped into a white liquid.

"What is that?" asked the patient who had only spoken in gasps of "oh's" and "ah's" during the performance.

"I gave a hundred dollars to find out," answered the doctor pleasantly, "couldn't tell for less."

"But will it hurt?"

"Very little," and he jabbed the base of the wart gently, "smarts a trifle that's all!"

The jabbing process went on until the spot was insensible to feeling, the doctor meanwhile improving his time and keeping up the girl's spirits by telling stories of all the remarkable warts he had conquered.

"Warts grow in classes," he said, as he dipped into the white liquid again. "There are nervous warts, indolent warts, obtrusive warts, and obstinate warts. They are all of fungus growth, fed by vegetable impurities in the blood, for which they have an affinity. Young people are more subject to them than old. The majority of my patients are ladies. Ever see a lady that didn't have warts? People with light eyes and hair are the most subject to them; took a wart from the tip of the nose of the prettiest girl in Detroit; yours is most killed. A man came here the other day with fifty warts on his head—cured them all. There! Look in the glass!"

The patient did as directed. The wart was gone and a beauty spot of black court plaster was in its place; her face was a celestial rosy red with delight, and she looked as if she could have hugged the little doctor, who prudently retreated to his salves.

"You don't know the mortification that wart has caused me," she said, laying a generous greenback in his hand. "I never parted with anything so willingly; a thousand thanks, doctor!"

"That's the fourth I've had to-day," said the doctor, as he stuffed the greenback into a plethoric wallet, "only one was a mouse."

"A mouse, doctor?"

"Yes, a mouse, a birth mark. The lady came up because she had seen two others from whose features I had taken a mouse. She had one at the corner of her mouth, and there wasn't a surgeon in the country would touch it. There is her address—confidential, of course. You can see her in two weeks, and there'll be neither mouse nor scar. I make a specialty of warts and moles and birth marks, and I've had some be-a-u-ti-ful cases. It's astonishing how many faces I have an interest in, but I never seem to see them. The past is past, and it is business with me.—*Detroit Post.*

A doctor recently reproved a friend for his too liberal use of absinthe.—"Bah!" said the latter, "I've drank of it since I was a boy, and I'm sixty."—"Very likely," replied the doctor; but if you had never drank of it, perhaps you would now be seventy."

Little Robbie went to a show and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, ma," he answered, "that gobbled hay with his front tail."

RELIGIOUS READING.

Stop.

Railway signals are positive. At certain points are seen sign posts on which appears this word "STOP." It is unattended by adjective or adverb. It is as condensed as a rifle-ball. The approach to a railway crossing or a drawbridge is guarded by the peremptory signal.

We were riding on a swift train at high speed when with a sudden jerk the "Westinghouse" slowed our train to a stand-still. A look at the "block-signal" ahead explained. The red signal was silent, yet "its voice was heard" above the roar of our many wheels. It said "stop" as plainly as the sign-board with large word in black at the drawbridge.

To a human being this little word is as positive as to a railway train. I recall a case. More than eighty years ago a boy went to Newark to learn a trade. His brave father was an invalid, but earned his own bread. The mother was dead, but not forgotten. When she died she told this son to fear God. The very morning he started the father had repeated to him that message. And yet one Sabbath he had spent in reckless and bad company. That night he did not sleep. He thought of the mother's words—her dying words. The words of the invalid father were recalled. He was in good company that Sabbath night and the fruit was unto life.

As he tossed and thought and wept the boy said:

"It is time to stop, and I will stop."

And he did stop. A long life of honorable usefulness followed.

And was his the only good mother that has a son on the road to ruin? It is possible that some such son in the place of sin, if he would but listen, would hear her voice saying to him with such pathos in it, *Stop!* Or, as he was hurried along the "broad road" he has heard within his own heart, as distinctly as if human lips has spoken—his own conscience—the word *Stop!*—*Congregationalist.*

Religious News and Notes.

A convention of Swedish Baptists has been organized in Kansas.

The Rev. George H. Hepworth, D.D., of New York city, has been called to the pastorate of the First Congregational church, Meriden, Conn., at a salary of $5,000.

Pope Leo has appointed Dr. McMullen of Chicago, Bishop of Davenport, a new diocese formed out of the southern half of Iowa, and including the cities of Keokuk, Des Moines, Davenport and Council Bluffs.

It is announced that Mr. Francis Murphy, the temperance evangelist, has been recommended by the official board of East Brady, Pa., to the District Conference as a suitable person to be licensed to preach.

The Free Congregational society at Florence, Mass., voted to call Rev. Mr. Spencer and wife, of Haverhill, Mass., to become resident speakers. They will alternate in occupying the platform three Sundays of each month, the society supplying the other Sunday.

Two large memorial brasses, with carved oak frames, have been placed in St. James Episcopal church, Chicago, in memory of Bishops Chase and Whitehouse. Each is inscribed "In memoriam" with appropriate names and dates. St. James is the pioneer Episcopal church of the city and State.

There were last year in the Church of England 127,786 confirmations. Of these 51,256 were males and 76,530 females. The largest number confirmed in any one diocese was in London, being 15,538.

Cranes.

Cranes of one or more species are found everywhere, with the exception of South America, the Malayan and Papuan Archipelagoes, and the scattered islands of the Pacific. The common European species, celebrated in all times for its migrations—

"So steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes"—

was at one time very numerous in the fenny districts of England; so possibly Milton knew the bird. The name is quite wrongly applied to the heron in Scotland and Ireland, while in America and Australia the white egret herons are also called cranes. Old Æsop's fable of the stork being captured in the evil companionship of the cranes, and being condemned to death for thus even associating with notorious plunderers of grain, indicates that he well enough knew the two kinds of birds; far better, indeed, as Blyth truly remarks, than did that world renowned master of mediæval painters, who commits the curious zoological mistake of introducing cranes instead of storks in his world-known cartoon of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes." In common with many other gregarious birds, cranes always place sentinels as a lookout, while the rest of the flock will trustfully repose, and they likewise leave them on the watch while on their marauding expeditions to crops of grain.—*Nature.*

Elephants in a Bath Tub.

A recent issue of the Philadelphia *Times* says: As the three elephants in the Zoological Garden had not washed themselves for more than two years, Superintendent Brown suddenly realized that it would be eminently proper to give them a bath; but the difficulty was to find a bath tub large enough to accommodate the trio of monster proboscidians. The sea lion pool or seal tank could not be used, as they are too small, and it was remembered that when Empress took her last bath in the duck pond in 1879 she flopped around in such an extravagant manner and stirred up the mud so thoroughly that she came out far dirtier than she was when she went in. It was clear that if the elephants were to bathe, a tub would have to be built. The work was begun in April, and, as it was finished on Friday, the bathers took their first dip yesterday morning. The bath-tub is oval in shape, ten feet deep, about one hundred and twenty feet in circumference and has a concrete floor and is lined with bricks. Half an hour after the elephants, Dom Pedro, Empress and Fanny, breakfasted yesterday morning they were marched from their pens to the brick-covered roadway which inclines to the water in the bathing place. Here Empress became suspicious about the solidity of the roadway and stopped. The keeper, however, found several tender places on her body with his harpoon, and after two or three wicked snorts, which were echoed by her companions, she moved cautiously towards the water. The plane to the pool is only about sixty feet long, but so slowly did the bathers move that fifteen minutes elapsed before Empress put one of her feet in the water, stopped, raised her trunk and trumpeted loudly. This cry seemed to dispel the fears of her companions, for an instant later Dom Pedro pushed his way to the front and went boldly into the water. Fanny plunged in next, taking a genuine elephantine "header" and reappearing in the center of the pool. Empress entered very slowly until her legs were covered, and then with a grunt, which indicated intense satisfaction, she toppled over on her left side and sank out of sight. Dom Pedro, after sousing himself thoroughly and going under the water several times, waded to a place where the water was only about three feet deep and stood there lazily whisking his good-for-nothing little tail at the flies, as he viewed with evident astonishment the preposterous capers Fanny was cutting. The Dom accepted the situation as coolly as though he bathed every day instead of once in two years, but the females fairly bubbled over with manifestations of satisfaction and they dived and spouted and snorted and trumpeted nearly an hour. After splashing around fifteen or twenty minutes Fanny walked up the incline and then deliberately rolled down into the water again. The effect of this newly-discovered feat must have pleased her intensely, for on coming to the surface each time her piggish little eyes sparkled joyously and she scampered up the bath to repeat the novel performance.

At the moment the spectators were most deeply interested in Fanny's performances Dom Pedro showed his ill-breeding by sucking a gallon or so of water into his trunk and, poking that member out horizontally until it was as rigid as a hose nozzle, he discharged its contents full in the face of an observing naturalist who stood near the edge of pool. The naturalist as soon as he recovered his breath used bad language and Dom Pedro bellowed as if proud of his performance. The keeper had some difficulty in getting the elephants out of the water, but he finally succeeded and drove them to their pens. On the journey, however, Fanny insisted on rolling in the dust, so that when she reached her apartment she was about three times as dirty-looking as when she went into the bath, but she will take another dip at one o'clock this afternoon.

Probably the meanest man on record keeps a boarding house in San Domingo. Last winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down, and the very next morning he began charging the arret lodgers first floor prices.

An Omaha man has beaten a prairie dog all to smash. While this animal will dig 200 feet for water, he dug 600 feet under a warehouse for whisky.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A California girl of ten performs all the feats with a rifle that Carver, Paine and Frayne have made familiar.

Social etiquette among the Indians is confined to one trait. They never let a caller go away hungry, even if it takes the last dog.

Isn't it wonderful how a thousand-dollar trotter shrinks away into the hide of a seventy-five dollar plug when the assessor comes along?

The man who really "saw the comet first" hasn't even mentioned it to his dearest friends. He had been drinking, and he was suspicious of his vision.

Plaster of Paris cats are no longer considered tony enough for mantel ornaments, but they must s'cat! and give place to crockery dogs with yellow eyes.

The only Ohio man who died suddenly last week was a chap who was trying to occupy two seats in a passenger coach while four women were standing up.

Rents at Long Branch are so exorbitant this season that but few of the cottages are occupied, save by ex-Presidents and journalists on summer vacations.

Miss Mary Wells, of Sandusky, Ohio, acknowledged to having a foot seventeen inches long and eight inches wide. That's a fair trotter for a girl eighteen years old.

There are grasshoppers in Gallia county, Ohio, six inches long. Isn't it nearly time to put an air-brake on that State and hold her back in line with the rest of us.

A New Exhilarating Substance.

Dr. Luton, of Rheims, France, calls attention in a French medical paper to the exhilarating properties of the tincture of ergot of rye when associated with phosphate of soda. The circumstances of the discovery were as follows: A woman of sixty-two, at the infirmary of the Maison de Retraite, in Rheims, was receiving tincture of ergot of rye for disease in the knee. Fearing an unfavorable turn, the doctor thought to strengthen the action of that medicament with phosphate of soda, and accordingly combined a little of the two substances in a quarter of a glass of sweetened water. The patient, about three-quarters of an hour after taking this, surprised the inmates by bursting into loud laughter, without obvious reason, and this continued for more than an hour, with brief intervals. The laughter seemed to be associated with merry ideas, and to indicate a kind of intoxication. For some time after it died down the woman was in great spirits and good humor. Dr. Luton had not witnessed the scene, but the consequence to the patient being good, he administered the substance again, and a third time, observing the same effect. The experiments were further repeated on seven or eight women and girls, with like result. In the case of men, the action of the substance is less marked; it appears only in coloring of the face, giddiness and slight headache. The effects in question have probably a common origin, it is thought, with those from eating rye-bread when, in rainy years, the cereal contains as much as five per cent. of ergot. A sort of intoxication is produced, which the consumers by no means despise.